

# SUITS TO ORDER,

## \$15.00.

The Suits we make for \$15.00 are the BEST IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY, and we want everybody to know it.

We want you to know that we will make you a PERFECT-FITTING, FAULTLESSLY TAILORED SUIT for \$15.00.

We want you to know that we will make you a smooth-faced, hard-finish, dust-resisting, non-fading WORSTED SUIT for \$15.00.

We want you to know that we will show you more styles for \$15.00 a Suit than you can see in any other two tailor stores in town.

# SUITS TO ORDER,

## \$15.00.

### MORTON C. STOUT & CO., TAILORS,

826 EAST MAIN STREET.

#### WOMEN AS CALLERS.

THEIR PITILESS IRONCLAD SYSTEM OF VISITING EACH OTHER.

A MOST EXCRUCIATING BORE.

At Least the Idler Regards It in

This Light, But the Custom is a

Fixed Institution--Dull Sundays at

Home--Gratuitous Advice.

Women are the best friends that man ever had, but my! how they do bulldoze each other. The meaner a man is--and some men can be monstrously mean--the better they like him, but the better a woman is the more they pick her to pieces. I don't know why it is thus, and I would not attempt to explain it any more than I would attempt to explain the reason why two roosters always fly at each other when they meet. The members of the unfair sex remind me of the nations in Europe. They are always watching each other and trying to maintain a balance of power. This is the case with the feminine sex never sleeps. From behind closed doors or dark curtains Mrs. Cleverly Spital is forever peering at Mrs. Lucinda Backsnap, while the clattering vine of the front porch conceal the lynx eyes of Miss Amanda Nobows, who is eternally inspecting the movements of Priscilla Tittaltattle. Day and night this Pinkton detective system is going on, and down in the hearts of these shrewd observers there is a secret hostility. Juwily it exists no one can say--the unfathoms themselves couldn't tell--but Nat has so ordained it, and so it will ever be as long as women exist.

But mustn't suppose this feud between men is an open, notorious, visible affair which shows on its face and fills the air with angry mutterings and tones discord. On the contrary, the surface very placid and peaceful, and the open factions invariably glue their faces off in osculation when they meet. There is no melodramatic throwing of the gauntlet; no cuss words, and back talk. On the contrary, women all times and under all circumstances are expected to pay "calls." The word "call" is used in connection with them, because "calling" is done on all business principles, and a tally of all obligations along this line is kept in the most perfect manner. A recollection serves me right, a friend was once inaugurated in Kentucky because a man kicked a small boy--a boy, but still vigorously enough and a face calculated to make the urchin remember the incident. This was a recurrence (to everybody but the perhaps), but nevertheless it caused many of many, many lives. And so it is with the "calls" women pay. They are trifling--unpleasant, so in fact--but as fierce as the vendettas which have been caused by derelictions in this connection. "Calls" are not paid for pleasure. The hostess gets hopping mad with lady who visits her, and the visitor her best to drop in when the hostess away from home. In fact, a "call" is defined as a visit paid under protest and with the hope and purpose of finding the hostess at home. The hostess is a tyrannical bore to all parties, and there is no avoiding it. If Mrs. Spital failed to visit Mrs. Backsnap the whole earth would quiver over a subterranean volcano, which, without an eruption, would sizz and sizzle and make things so hot that life would be unbearable. And if, on the other hand, Mrs. Spital does her duty, Mrs. Backsnap will greet her with a swishing of petticoats and a secret gnashing of teeth which is truly ominous. When they lay eyes on one another they rustle together and whack their respective fangs in a kiss. Then there is chit-chat, chit-chat, chit-chat, with an occasional ring at Priscilla Tittaltattle and Lucinda Backsnap, and some hysterical bursts of rippling laughter. Just before Mrs. Spital departs she opens her eighteen-pound mouth, and turning to the debit side of Mrs. Backsnap's account, she says: "Now, come to see me real soon, dear; you owe me two visits." And be it said that no statute of limitations bars Mrs. Backsnap's obligations. She has got to pay those visits. If she doesn't there's going to be trouble.

ing as are the respected matrons whose names have been perpetuated above. If they wish to openly declare war they fail to return each other's calls, but if they merely desire to fight from ambush they follow the system to the letter. But they are more business-like in the way they go about it. They mark off routes like the postman and make a day of the business. In this way, by judiciously calculating when they will find their friends out, they can pay from fifty to sixty "calls" in a day, besides gaining much general information all along the line. Occasionally they arrange to find one another at home, for there are times when certain bits of information are needed or when purposes can best be served by an actual interview.

For instance, if Miss Nobows knows that a certain youth is wont to visit Priscilla in the afternoon she pounces on her at that hour. If the young man is snappish and wriggly and churlish, she concludes that the couple are engaged; if not, she has data wherewith to proclaim that the duffer doesn't care "2 cents" for "that Tittaltattle thing."

And the damsel with the Puritanical name sometimes finds it convenient to catch Mandy at home, too. For instance, if Priscilla has been to an opera which cost her lover \$4 a seat, and Mandy was conspicuously absent from the expensive entertainment, the said Priscilla will lie herself to the Nobows domicile and incidentally ask, in her naive way: "Where did you sit at the opera last night, Mandy, dear?" And the maid who had no lover with adoration of the \$4-a-seat class will feel all over in spots, but she will utilize a last year's spell of neuritis in explanation. Just before the pesky Tittaltattle rustles herself back home she says: "By the way, dearie, don't tell Cecelia Sharpey that I called to see you to-day; I owe her two visits, and she's so funny about getting huffy. Ta-ta, dear heart."

Exit Priscilla, amid gnashing of Amanda's teeth.

This is the iron-bound, irresistible, inexorable system of "calling," from which the brute man is exempt, but which forever holds the lash over womankind and makes them slaves to one another. It is too exacting to generate friendships; too trivial to stimulate the intellect, and too farcical to demand consideration, yet flourishes as an immutable feminine institution.

In all these long years of my pious and useful life I have never been able to decide whether or not I enjoy Sundays. There are some good features about the day, and also some bad features. Of course, it's glorious to sleep late "of a Sabbath morning," and then to stalk forth in all the starchy glory of a weekly clean shirt. And so, too, it is sweet, while the morning sun is shining, to see the linen, to know that a good dinner is in process of preparation, and that it can be digested if at all--with due deliberation and dignity, and without the necessity of gallivanting to one's tyrannical employer. These are all pleasant features, but after dinner--about the time the starched shirt begins to scratch and chafe, and the matter of digestion is a matter of doubt--there is a little touch of boredom creeps in, and you realize the first twinges of that dark brown Monday feeling which always awaits you on the day after the Sabbath. The chances, by the way, are fifty to one that the big dinner, which you have anticipated ever since breakfast time, will refuse to "set right," and that it will give you a grumpy feeling, which is worse than the smell of benzine. You get restless, and half way imagine you are a prisoner. And the probabilities are that, in a way, you are a prisoner. Sunday afternoons are "off" times for your household, and her early departure leaves you as nurse for the children while your wife takes a nap. Children on such occasions are like flies on a rainy day, except that they are a thousand times more pestiferous. To read while they are wringing about is as difficult as it is to keep from looking pleased when some one flatters you, and if you weren't the most impatient scoundrel on earth you couldn't much blame them for being restless. They are all heart you are longing to sneak down to the post-office and get your mail, or to peep in at your shop. To be candid, you have an irresistible desire to do something sinful. The very air smells of sin. It is a temptation to be decorous. All during the week you had imagined that nothing would suit you better than a chance to loaf about the house and pick at your wife. But the opportunity, when found, is disappointing, is a drag, and is full of monotony.

By nightfall, despite the children, you have perused everything readable in the Sunday paper, and after supper you even tackle the want advertisements. The day seems like a thousand years to you, and you conclude that you would almost rather work than lead such a life--almost, I say, but not quite.

Excuse me from Sundays, or at least from Sundays with "off" days for the house girl, and stiff shirts and big dinners and excessive piety.

Next to eating roe-herring and stewed tomatoes with black-eye peas, there's nothing which affords me so much substantial pleasure as giving advice to people. My own life never was a howling success and it is not the custom to have brass bands meet me when I travel from place to place, but I can't help but tell some other fellow how to become rich and famous, though I have hitherto been too unselfish to avail myself of my own wisdom. You may wake me up at any hour of the night and ask my opinion on

any subject, and I'll be able to tell you just what to do. And I am particularly kind about helping the young with my suggestions and pointing out to them the roads which lead to fame and riches. True, I never took these roads myself, but what difference does that make? My wisdom, in fact, is based on experience derived from the mistakes I made and the wrong turns I took.

Although I use tobacco in every form--that is, in every form that tobacco generally takes--I invariably urge others to shun the weed and to avoid it as they would a dog with fleas. With lurid language I depict the evil effects of the noxious plant and send a warning to those who enjoy its wiles.

When young men consult me about their entering politics and becoming "public characters," I tell them, in a holy horror, that it would be the mistake of their lives; that thousands of noble fellows owe their downfall to just such a mistake. In giving this advice I fail to state that I myself was once an over-seer of the poor in Hanover county and that in my younger days, I even sought the office of County Supervisor.

In short, my advice is applicable to everybody but myself, and I feel myself getting inflated with delight when I give None of us ever grow to be such failures that we cannot tell others just what to do. If McKinley had consulted me I could have shown him just how to run our last war. But, alas! as the poet has truly said: "Full many a gem of purest ray serene is born to blush unadorned when cast before swine."

There is considerable discussion at present regarding the offering of rebates, directly and indirectly, on the sale of certain goods, and it is the desire of the association to use its influence in putting a stop to such methods. A resolution will be offered at the next meeting, with a view of discouraging this practice.

It has been decided to have all the late periodicals furnished for the guests at the headquarters, which will include the Travelers' Protective Association journals and other standard publications.

Letters of congratulation and encouragement have been written by the Travelers' Protective Association to prominent business-men, showing their appreciation of new enterprises established, recently, as well as those in contemplation.

Mr. La Taste, president of the Alabama Division of the Travelers' Protective Association of America, has been in the city for the past two weeks, on personal business, and has been a frequent visitor to the T. P. A. headquarters.

Mr. La Taste speaks in praise of the entire work of the association in his own State, which is now in a very flourishing condition.

The Standard Oil Company was tendered the use of the rooms of the headquarters this past week, during the convention of its representatives in this city, which courtesy was duly appreciated.

In addition to what is already displayed in the new dress, which is a very new advertising card of prominent business firms in the city, which attract a great deal of attention.

The T. P. A. News Letter, September issue, appeared in a new dress, which is very attractive. The picture of the new National President, Charles R. Duffin, appears on the front cover.

**Property Transfers.**

Richmond: Jane Brown to John M. Christian, 22 feet on west side of Buchanan street, between Richard and Christian, \$500.

Joseph H. Dickerson and wife to A. F. Smith, 20 feet on north side of Franklin street, between Wall and Sixteenth street, \$2,000.

Same to same, 153-4 feet on north side of Franklin street, 36 feet east of Wall, \$3,000.

M. E. Dickinson's trustees to Joseph L. Scott, 32 feet on north side of Marshall street, 109 feet east of Twenty-eighth, \$2,000.

William F. Mary E., and Robert Rogers to Ellen McCance Rogers, interests in estate of their sister, Ellen McCance Rogers, especially in house and lot, No. 303 north Lombardy street, \$1,000.

Joseph Wilson and wife to Richmond Perpetual Building, Loan, and Trust Company, 28 feet on west side of Munford street, near Brooke avenue, in consideration of cancellation of Virginia Antiquities will take place on Tuesday morning, October 4th, at 12 M., in the rooms of the Virginia Historical Society. Prompt attendance is earnestly requested.

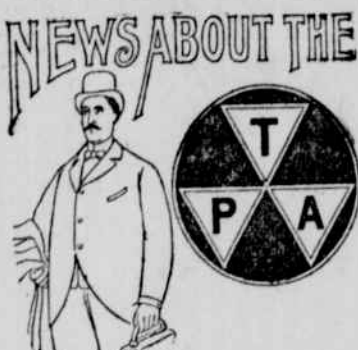
**The A. P. V. A. Semi-Annual Meeting**

The semi-annual meeting of the Board of Managers of the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities will take place on Tuesday morning, October 4th, at 12 M., in the rooms of the Virginia Historical Society. Prompt attendance is earnestly requested.

**If the Baby is Cutting Teeth**

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Orders for printing sent to the Dispatch Company will be given prompt attention, and the style of work and prices will be sure to please you.



The fall season is now upon us, and the members of the T. P. A. are getting a lively hustle on themselves. At the last meeting of Post A, a committee was appointed to draft a suitable letter to be sent to all the business firms, showing why they and their salesmen should become members of this progressive organization. Employers have the satisfaction of knowing that their traveling men are protected, and in case of an accident on the road, their salesmen and beneficiaries get the proper indemnity due them. There was also a committee appointed at the last meeting to arrange a new feature; arranging for short talks at the rooms, setting forth the advantages and needs of the commercial interests of the city.

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#### THE WEATHER IN SEPTEMBER.

Many Hot Days and Nearly All of Them Clear.

The following is the weather report for September, the readings of the thermometer having been taken with a government instrument a few miles from the city:

CONDITIONS.	Minimum.	Maximum.	Mean.	Wind.
1-Clear.....	72	82	77	N.W.
2-Cloudy.....	72	82	77	N.W.
3-Clear.....	72	82	77	N.W.
4-Partly cloudy.....	67	80	73	N.W.
5-Partly cloudy.....	69	81	75	N.W.
6-Clear.....	71	82	76	N.W.
7-Cloudy.....	61	76	68	N.W.
8-Clear.....	64	76	70	N.W.
9-Clear.....	64	76	70	N.W.
10-Clear.....	63	76	69	N.W.
11-Clear.....	63	76	69	N.W.
12-Clear.....	63	76	69	N.W.
13-Clear.....	63	76	69	N.W.
14-Clear.....	63	76	69	N.W.
15-Cloudy.....	63	76	69	N.W.
16-Cloudy.....	63	76	69	N.W.
17-Cloudy.....	63	76	69	N.W.
18-Clear.....	63	76	69	N.W.
19-Partly cloudy.....	63	76	69	N.W.
20-Partly cloudy.....	63	76	69	N.W.
21-Cloudy.....	63	76	69	N.W.
22-Cloudy.....	63	76	69	N.W.
23-Cloudy.....	63	76	69	N.W.
24-Cloudy.....	63	76	69	N.W.
25-Cloudy.....	63	76	69	N.W.
26-Cloudy.....	63	76	69	N.W.
27-Cloudy.....	63	76	69	N.W.
28-Cloudy.....	63	76	69	N.W.
29-Cloudy.....	63	76	69	N.W.
30-Cloudy.....	63	76	69	N.W.
Mean.....	61.7	82.2	71.9	

Mean temperature for the month, 73.1.

Amount of rainfall, 3.22 inches.

#### REMARKS.

4. Heavy rain, beginning 11 A. M.

5. Storm, wind and rain, 4 P. M.

7. Rain, 4 P. M.

14. Fog, few drops rain P. M.

17. Heavy fog.

21. Light rain at intervals all day; heavy rain at night.

30. Fog.

During the month there were twenty clear mornings, seven cloudy, and three partly cloudy at the time of observation, which is 7 A. M. each day. We had one very heavy rain. With that exception the month has been very dry.

Rainfall measured each morning.

We give in the table below the mean temperature and aggregate amount of rainfall during the month of September for the past nineteen years:

Year.	Mean temperature.	Rainfall, inches.
1880.....	72.5	2.53
1881.....	72.5	2.42
1882.....	72.5	6.50
1883.....	72.5	6.02
1884.....	72.5	6.15
1885.....	72.5	1.20
1886.....	72.5	3.07
1887.....	72.5	1.12
1888.....	72.5	10.41
1889.....	72.5	6.90
1890.....	72.5	8.29
1891.....	72.5	7.22
1892.....	72.5	6.43
1893.....	72.5	7.22
1894.....	72.5	8.96
1895.....	72.5	3.22

#### CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of

Castoria

(My 2-W. F. & Su 17)

#### James Brothers,

CASH GROCERS,

608 east Marshall street.

Old phone 76. New 'Phone 64.

#### Up-to-Date Grocery.

Note of a few of our opening prices:

Best Hams.....	19
Good Hams.....	17
Good Lard.....	12
Good Butter.....	15
Salt Pork, per pound.....	25
Good Irish Potatoes.....	65
Family Flour, per bag.....	40
Family Flour, per barrel.....	40
Concord Grapes, per basket.....	19
Fresh Butter, per pound.....	15
Best Coffee, per pound.....	19
New Prunes, per pound.....	09

(See 2-17)

#### BUSINESS CHANCES.

MONEY IN CUBA AND PORTO RICO.

APPLE, COFFEE, AND SUGAR LANDS.

Now \$1 an acre, worth \$50 in two years.

Agents wanted in every town. Write for particulars. CUBAN LAND COMPANY, Washington, D. C.

#### INVESTMENT-SPECULATION.

HOW INCOMES MAY BE SECURED.

#### WHAT ATTRACTS

THE MULTITUDE?

Is it the prices that bring them here or the

unequalled assortment--the quality or the styles?

Must be one or all. At any rate, we do what we

advertise.

#### CASH OR CREDIT.

TERMS TO SUIT YOU.

HAT RACKS, Golden Oak finish, \$10, worth a

least \$15. Some very pretty RACKS at \$5 up to

\$50.

SIDEBOARDS from \$8.50 up; some extra nice

ones at \$12.50, \$15, and \$18.

CHINA PRESSES, DINING CHAIRS, EXTENSION

TABLES.

Another large lot of PARLOR SUITS just arrived

and open for your inspection. Every suit a

beauty and worth considerably more than is asked

for them.

CHAMBER SUITS in Oak, Walnut, Cherry,

and Mahogany.

SPRINGS, MATTRESSES,

FEATHER BEDS,

PILLOWS AND BOLSTERS,

BLANKETS, COMFORTS, AND QUILTS.

CARPETS, RUGS, MATTINGS,

ART SQUARES, FANCY ROCKERS,

TABLES AND LAMPS,

LACE CURTAINS, PORTIERES,

AND TABLE-COVERS.

#### ROTHERT & CO.,

Fourth and Broad Streets.

#### Baldwin & Brown,

1557

East Main Street,

Richmond, Va.,

Headquarters for

#### STEEL ROOFING.

TRY US.

(77 21-2270, 2-17)

#### All Daughters.

(Staunton News.)

There was some reason, perhaps, in

singling out Miss Winnie Davis and dis-